

THE GREENCASTLE TIMES.

VOL. 5, NO. 52.

GREENCASTLE INDIANA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1886.

\$1.25 PER YEAR

H. S. RENICK & CO.,
—HEADQUARTERS FOR—
The McCormick Steel Harvesters and Binders.
Prominent for its superiority. The farmer's friend, trusty & true. The best material, the best workmanship and the best improvements are essential to the best machine, and these are only found united in the **MCCORMICK**. This single fact explains its universal popularity, for the McCormick brand on a machine has become a passport in all hands to unhesitating confidence. Call and Examine Samples. Last Side Square. Greencastle, Ind.



AN OUTSIDE THANKSGIVING SCENE.

A HUMBLE THANKSGIVING.

We cannot show a grand array
Of toothsome things Thanksgiving Day—
The day so very near;
Our little pantry will not boast
Delicious viands by the host
To every palate dear.

'Neath weight of all the good things known
Our little table will not groan,
No, not the very least;
Our little home will not be blest
With many a welcome, joyous guest
To help us at the feast.

Yet, notwithstanding what we lack,
We'll not regretfully look back
And sigh for better days;
But we will fill in every part
The spacious store rooms of our heart
With gratitude and praise.

We'll count our present blessings o'er,
And we shall find they number more
Than all our trials do;
Our happy, thoughtful hearts shall be
Delighted guests—right royally
They will reward us, too.

To seats we once did occupy
We'll not look up with wistful eye
And covetous unrest;
But bending low down our gaze
To poorer houses, to sadder ways,
Thank God we are so blest.

Thank God that though our home is small,
It still contains the dear ones all,
Rich in affection's wealth;
Thank God we have enough to eat,
Thank God for clothing warm and neat,
Thank God for perfect health.

Thank God we feel the fire's warm glow,
While many cold and fireless go
In many a cheerless home;
Oh, yes, most gratefully we'll lift
Our souls to God for every gift,
And trust for all to come.

Thus 'round our frugal little board,
With cheerful hearts we'll praise the Lord
And keep the jubilee;
Nor shall there anywhere be found,
Within this nation's utmost bound,
A happier family.

FANNY PERCIVAL.

PENCILINGS.

Christmas four weeks away.
College closed yesterday till Monday next.

There is no cattle disease in Putnam county.

That cold wave from the west didn't materialize.

That natural gas company has about petered out.

Eat, drink, and be merry, and be thankful that you can.

The banks and many business houses are closed to-day.

The railroads are offering the usual Thanksgiving rates.

Union services at the Christian church this morning. Attend.

Quails can be killed up to the 30th of this month—if the hunter can find them.

A collection will be taken up for the benefit of the poor at the Union service meeting to-day at the Christian church.

Some letters supposed to be from the pouch stolen at the Junction some time since were found near there Sunday by Henry Stone.

Revival services are in progress at both the Presbyterian and College Avenue M. E. Churches. The meetings are rapidly growing in interest.

The stockholders of that bass fiddle held a meeting last Thursday evening, and sold it to the highest bidder—Mr. P. R. Christie. It has since been purchased by Prof. Howe, of the School of Music, and is now in his possession.

The opening and improvement of North College Avenue has opened up to home seekers as fine a row of building lots as are to be found within the city limits. There is no reason why, within a year or two, College Avenue should not be populated as far out as the railroad.

RAMBLER.
Lured by the sunshine and the balmy air on last Lord's day I shook the dust of my den from my Sunday hat and took a walk. As will be any one, who can induce himself to switch out of his daily rut and make observations of what is going on around him, I was again impressed with the many improvements, and the bright prospects that would seem to be opening before the future of our city. Anyone who has undertaken to make a circuit of our city limits on foot is well aware that we have already within our corporate lines enough territory for the accommodation for a population twice if not thrice as large as we now have. The several new streets that have been opened and graded during the past eighteen months have opened up many cheap and available building lots, for which there is already a demand and for which much livelier bidding may be expected in the spring. A handsome line of lots has been laid out by the property owners on North College Avenue, and while the street is as yet barely completed, foundations for new dwellings are already making their appearance, and there is little doubt that next season will see new houses going up as far out as the railroad.

At the end of this new street is located Mr. H. M. Thomas' new wire nail factory. Barely a month or two has elapsed since the inception of this enterprise, yet the building is erected and enclosed, and the machinery is being placed in position in the engine house. It is the intention of the proprietor to be ready for business about the first of the year. The building is a substantial and strongly built frame, the adjoining engine house being brick. An abundant water supply is at hand, while within a hundred yards are the main track and switches of the I. & St. L. railroad.

In this immediate vicinity, on either side of the railroad are other excellent sites for manufacturing of most any kind, all of which Rambler expects to see, at no distant day, covered with roof and teeming with tracks, smoke-stacks and other evidences of thriving industry. Why not? As I have observed before, but which cannot be repeated too often, our town offers unusual natural facilities and inducements for the locating of manufacturing enterprises. We are in the heart of a large industrial region. We have abundant coal supplies within easy reach. We have unsurpassed transportation facilities, having outlets east, west, north and south, connecting directly with the large commercial centers of the country. We are lacking only in one thing, and that is public spirit. There is not enough of the spirit of aggrandizement. There is not push and drive, enterprise and young blood enough in the community. We are too slow, and allow other places to walk away with the plums while we sit back and pride ourselves upon what might be. Why not change all this? We are in a rut and will never get out until we make an effort.

I must congratulate the community upon the fact that there is a change taking place in the sentiment of the people, and that the spirit of enterprise and go-ahead-itiveness is getting the upper hand, despite the efforts of some persons to keep it down and the dead-weight influence of a term of years of negative and non-progressive policy. If any of my readers do not believe this they have but to go back with me a year or so to see. Less than two years ago you were indulging in the fifty year ago custom of carrying a lantern when you went to church, to a public meeting or to your business after dark. The idea of street light of any kind was considered an unwarranted and not to be thought of extravagance by many, and a question of the future by all. Electric light, gas works and water were hardly dreamed of, and were catalogued among the impracticabilities. The plat of our town, as to streets and alleys, stood about as it did fifteen years ago and it was the opinion of the wise ones that the town had

its growth. If the new streets, the two or three hundred new buildings, the lighted highways, the gas works, the electric light, the prospective water works, our daily paper, and other budding enterprises are not evidences of prosperity and progress, then Rambler is sadly off his chunk, and if someone can convince him that such is the case he will retire into his hole and nevermore worry the good people with such heresy. One enterprise begets another, and the spirit propagates and spreads. When the new court house is built, a new street railway (or a second edition to the old one) is in running order, and the union depot located and secured—we will be ready for something else.

Amusements.

Gilmore Dec. 8th.

Rive-King next Monday evening. The Thanksgiving ball was largely attended last evening at the opera house.

The Alliance Orchestra and Swiss Bell Ringers will probably give two entertainments in this city Dec. 1 & 2.

The Rive-King concert in Meharry hall next Monday evening will be a musical treat. She should be greeted by a full house.

The skating rink opened Saturday night with a good attendance. It will be open at least one night each week hereafter.

The second lecture in the Lecture Course occurs next Wednesday evening. Hon. R. G. Horr, M. C., of Michigan, will lecture on the "Labor Question."

F. G. White, the veteran actor, who was a great favorite among our amusement lovers, died at the Insane Asylum in Indianapolis, Saturday night.

Gilmore and his famous band Dec. 8th, will be the event of the season. Secure your seats early as they will be in demand as soon as put on sale.

The singing of Miss Mable Haas, of the Warren G. Richards' company at the opera house Monday evening was much admired. She was a member of the Ford opera company last year.

Prince Eagle, the champion bicycle rider of this State, will give an exhibition at the opera house skating rink to-morrow evening. Good music will be in attendance. The doors will be open at 2 and 7 p. m.

Chas. Stedman's company in the comedy, "Our Boarding House," played to a good audience at the opera house Tuesday evening. The play was well received, the dancing and singing pleasing those present, especially in the gallery.

The "Wanted: A Husband" company showed to a fair audience at the Opera house Monday evening. The members of the company were all good and "caught on" in good style. The music was catching, the singing of Miss Mabel Haas being especially good. Mr. Richards' character sketches were very good.

Following is the programme of the Rive-King concert next Monday evening. She will be assisted by the Appolo Club and Miss Eppinghausen:

- NICODE, "Original Theme, Variations and Grand Fugue."
CHOPIN, "First time in America."
BLAUERSTIEL, "Sonata in A major."
BEETHOVEN, "Sonata in A major."
SAINT SAENS, "Sonata in A major."
BRANDERIS, "Sonata in A major."
STRAUSS-GREENFELD, "Sonata in A major."
MOLLOY, "Sonata in A major."
RIVE-KING, "Sonata in A major."
LIST, "Sonata in A major."
RUBINSTEIN, "Sonata in A major."
LISE, "Sonata in A major."

Nov. 29, 1886.

GILMORE'S FAMOUS PEOPLE.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.
"Miss Fritch has enjoyed extensive and thorough training in Germany. Her voice is a rare one, of wide range, particularly rich in the middle register. Her runs and flexibility are uncommonly fine, and the ringing effect of her wonderful trilling was startling. The volume of her voice is large, the general quality pure and richly sympathetic, and the force phenomenal—all the physical equipment of a great singer."

Music that had been supposed reserved for stringed instruments alone was given last night by Gilmore's

Meharry & Hall,
GREENCASTLE.

Wednesday Evening Dec. 8.

WONDERFUL BAND,
Consisting of
Fifty Eminent Musicians and Soloists,
And an Efficient Army Corps, assisted by the
Charming Prima Donna.

GILMORE
AND HIS
THE GREAT
THEATRE
OF
THE
MUSIC

LETITIA FRITCH

—AND A GRAND CHORUS OF—

One Hundred Voices

—DRILLED BY—

Prof. James H. Howe.

Will give what may justly be termed, a

Grand Musical Festival!

LIMITED TO ONE CONCERT ONLY.

The program will include gems by the great masters, together with Music for the Millions, selected from the best popular melodies of the day in a varied, unique and interesting program.

Arrangements have been made with the Monon Railway for half-fare rates from Bloomington, Crawfordsville, and all intermediate points, with privilege of returning on the 9th. The Vandalia gives one and one-third rates from Brazil and Plainfield.

Admission, - - - \$1.00.

No extra charge for reserved seats. On sale at Landes' Drug Store, at 8 o'clock, Saturday morning December 4th.

GEO. E. BLAKE, - - - Manager.

band with a fullness of expression and nicety of shading that were simply wonderful. Each instrument in that large organization seemed but the part of a united whole, and each player but a projection of that master, the magic of whose wand called forth their harmonies. The transitions from the sternest passion known to the muse to those light and sparkling airs that carry joy on every breath were made in an instant and without an effort. Under the masterful guidance of Gilmore they needed but to essay and the triumph was complete. Miss Letitia Fritch, the soprano of the company, made a decided hit upon her Des Moines audiences, and her every appearance was the signal for the most enthusiastic applause. Mrs. Fritch is possessed of a voice of pleasing quality and good compass, and sings with a depth of feeling that alone would give character to every song. In addition to the charms of her voice she possesses unusual personal advantages, with a fine figure and face and an easy stage presence that adds greatly to the effect of her singing.

A Successful Elope.

A marrying-bent couple drove into our city Monday morning quite early, leaving their rig at Chadd & Chadd's stable. The groom, whose name is Gleason, was from near Barnard, while the bride, whose parents objected to the match, was from near Coatesville, of the classical county of Hendricks. That they were anxious to be made one was painfully evident to the casual observer but, as the pursuing party was expected at any moment, they took the first western bound train on the I. & St. L., which landed them in Paris, Ill., where they procured that piece of parchment with a stamp in the corner, which don't cost much but is sometimes hard to get, and were quickly made man and wife. They returned to our city Wednesday, and ere this no doubt have returned home and received the blessings and forgiveness of their parents.

Common Council.

At the Council meeting Monday evening, on motion of Councilman

Darnall, the street railway company were to be given 30 days notice to repair the street inside their tracks. The final report of Engineer Daggy on the improvement of North College Avenue. The assessment on property-holders is as follows:

NAMES.	FRONT.	TOTAL.
C. W. Landes & Co.	245	\$144.50
John O'Rourke	430	251.62
Sarah E. Webb	56	32.48
Geo. W. Grubb	170	98.89
J. Rathoff	407	236.06
Goulding & Ireland	146	38.23
DePauw University	56	2.47
C. W. Landes & Co.	86	4.99
P. O. Rourke's heirs	170	98.60
Pat and Ellen Grady	100	58.00
Kate Callahan et al.	205	118.90
R. L. Higert	465	269.99
City, streets and alleys		164.76

The Gas Company.

The Greencastle Gas Company organized and elected the following directors: Messrs. Irland and Dill, of St. Louis; and Messrs. D. W. Lovett, M. D. Bridges, Jas. A. Curtis, H. S. Renick and F. A. Arnold, of Greencastle. Gas will be turned on about the middle of next month.

No Cattle Disease.

Diligent inquiry fails to disclose any disease of any kind among the cattle herds of Putnam county, and the reports in the Indianapolis papers that pleuro-pneumonia, bronchitis or other maladies were raging here are utterly unfounded and untrue.

Marriage Licenses.

William H. Oakly and Susie B. Carter, Harry Monday and Laura B. Coffman, Thomas J. Bridges and Mary E. Williams, John W. Stringer and Fanny Broadstreet, Thomas P. Jones and Emma Cox, Chas S. Braxton and Sarah Bess.

A New Circulating Library.

Is to be formed in this city. It will contain the best and latest works of the standard authors of the day in every department of literature. The subscription is \$1.00 for two year's reading. Let Greencastle do its best to encourage this movement, and by so doing maintain its reputation as a literary center.

BUY - TICKETS

FOR THE

UNIVERSITY

LECTURE COURSE.

George Schnechtel,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
SPANISH & DOMESTIC CIGARS
Cigars, Tobaccos and Smoker's Articles.
Next Door to the Postoffice. Give me a call.

HENRY A. DAY,
WATCHMAKER.

Twenty years practical experience at watch repairing. Do all work left with me myself. Guarantee entire satisfaction. Allen's Block, second door East of First National Bank, Greencastle, 1522

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B. F. HAYS & Co., MERCHANT TAILORS.
Hats, Caps and Trunks.
Laundry Agents.
Ladies and Gents' Collars and Cuffs a specialty. Goods received until Wednesday and returned Saturday.

FINE DRINKS.

We have secured the agency for Chase & Sanborn's fine
Roasted Coffees.
Rio, Golden Rio, Combination--
Java-Maricuba and Choice
Rio and Standard Java.

These are extra fine goods and sold at same prices of inferior coffees. Try them and you will use no others.

Darnall Bros. & Co.

INDIANAPOLIS Business College
C. C. Koerner, Pres.

VANCE BLOCK. Established, 1856.

Consolidation of all the Business and Commercial Colleges of Indianapolis, including Bryant & Stratton.

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST THOROUGH BUSINESS COLLEGE AND SHORTHAND AND TYPE-WRITING SCHOOL IN THE WEST.

The Prominent Business Men and Leading Bookkeepers of Indianapolis received their Mercantile Training from the Proprietor of this school, during the last twenty-one years. Our graduates are sought by business men, are capable of filling the most responsible positions, and are tireless advocates of our school. Students receive individual instruction and may enter at any time. Send for Catalogue and Circulars giving complete information, Course of study, entire cost of Tuition, Board, etc. Address, with stamp.

C. C. KOERNER,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

(Mention this paper.)

WELL PAID EMPLOYMENT.

Can be secured by you if a COMPETENT SHORTHAND WRITER. This you may become in few months, at little expense, by coming to us, or getting our instructions to come to you.

We Can Teach You by Mail and Guarantee SUCCESS.

Address:
PRINCIPAL LOUISVILLE SHORTHAND INSTITUTE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
We can teach you Book-keeping and Penmanship by Mail.

51-2ys

A HANDSOME WEDDING, BIRTHDAY OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.
THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR
Combining a Parlor, Library, Smoking, Reclining or Invalid Chair, Lounger, Bed, or Couch.
Price \$7.00 and up. Send stamp. **SHIPPED TO all parts of the world.**
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES
All furnished with the Automatic Couch Brake, and Retained at our Wholesale Prices. Send stamp for Catalogue and mention carriage.
THE LUBURG MAN'G CO., 145 N. 8th St., Philada., Pa.

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RE-MENONLY
CURE FOR
MURDEROUS DEBILITY
HARRIS REMEDY CO., 808 N. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.
KIDNAPED PERSONS CAN HAVE FREE Trial of our Appliance, Ask for Terms!

LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

Gathered by Our Reporters Throughout the County.

FLOYD TOWNSHIP.

Ida Stobaugh is quite sick.
Wm. Haskett has moved to Coatsville.
T. E. Brown is building a double corn crib.
W. Mason shipped a car load of hogs this week.
J. W. Lydick lost one of his cows; choked on pumpkin.
C. B. Case rusticated in this vicinity over Sunday.
Tom Daniels is building a smoke house for Albert Evans.
The father and a sister of W. A. Arnold visited him recently.
J. A. Daniel has graduated at the Lexington Commercial college, and is at home.
W. H. Randel has returned from Indianapolis pronounced restored by his doctors.

Mrs. Goodrich, who has been living with her son, Ira, the last year, has returned to Illinois.

Mrs. Anna Monnett, who has been visiting relatives for two weeks returned to Kansas this week.

Lewis Ader has moved to the Suke Hunter farm, and little Charley Pickett will go where he left.

Chas. Baker has moved to Hendricks county, and Bob Wilson has gone back to his father's farm.

Jack Owens and Gibson Mitchel have exchanged farms. Jack has left the old homestead and his brother John takes his place.

The neighbors of the Todd girls made them a wood chopping and prepared them wood enough to do all winter. Mrs. Ann Mary Smith was likewise provided for.

Henry Philips went to Lewisville after the election, and last week a telegram came from there stating that he was dying, but he was able to come home, though still indisposed.

The charitable nature of the people of Floyd is developing in a practical form. Last week the many friends and relatives of Mrs. Lavinia Robinson remembered her on the 83d anniversary of her birth by giving her a dinner at the residence of her son, Dr. Robinson.

NEW MAYSVILLE.

Ed. Wendling is visiting in Boone county.

The saw mill in full blast--when it runs.

Palmer King was on the sick list the past week.

Some Indian summer, especially last Thursday, the 18th.

Charley Taylor has moved into the Henly-Watkins property.

Oscar Smith is working for his father-in-law, E. White, at the saw mill.

Will Silvey is enjoying the many blessings connected with a big catarrh on his left hand. He says he doesn't lose any sleep, for he has none to lose.

Horace Naylor moved into the Dr. Long house the past week. He has purchased the part of the farm where the old residence stands, the house he now occupies.

Howard Oakley launched out on the sea of matrimony last Thursday, by uniting his fortunes and misfortunes with that of Miss Sue Carter, of Roachdale. May their pathway ever be strewn with flowers and happiness.

The school at NewMaysville, under the leadership of Mr. Sinclair, assisted by Miss Eva Bowen, is progressing well. Also the school at No. 1, being taught by Johnny Collins is in a flourishing condition. In fact all the schools in this vicinity are going along smoothly.

MALTA.

Hiram Ridpath is building a new barn.

William Huffman has moved into his new residence.

Arthur Ransom and wife have a new girl baby at their house.

Henry Connett, of Hendricks county, has moved on the Smith farm.

The Literary at Malta is in full blast every Wednesday evening.

Polk Huffman has moved to the farm occupied by Wm. Huffman.

James Ogle has traded his farm here for a farm in Tipton county.

Henry Philips, who has been very low with heart disease, is able to be out again.

Baily O'Neal and lady, of Knights-ville, were visiting his parents at Darwin a few days since.

Abraham Smith and wife were called to Cloverdale last week by the death of Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. Andrew Allen.

The meeting at Malta last Saturday night and Sunday was largely attended. We would be glad to have good preaching at least every two weeks.

We learn the sad news of the death of Mrs. Norman Dixon, formerly of this neighborhood. They moved to Louisville, Ky., a few weeks since.

PUTNAMVILLE.

Frank Williams has sold his farm to Doc, Hurst.

Miss Lida Cowgill is teaching school in Kansas.

John Howlet is still unable to be brought home.

Shelby Swift returned to his home in Kansas Tuesday.

Joshua Staples is building a fine residence near the quarry.

The youngest child of Jackson Whitehead died Sunday.

Wm. Lewis has a new fish pond which he is stocking with carp.

Wesley Hunter, our new married man, will move to James Ingram's farm.

Wesley Woodall is building an addition and repairing Wm. Trout's residence.

BILL TOWN.

Corn gathering mostly done.

Fat hogs are scarce and plenty of buyers.

Lewis Ader has moved on Miss Hunter's farm.

Miller & Hinkle are the 'cooners of these parts.

Columbus Brown's saw mill is running again.

Melvin Greenlee is building a pair of double cribs.

Anderson Pickett wears a plug hat, and says it's a girl.

Sam Conn's store room at Reno is nearly done. He will stock it with new goods.

High School.

The first issue of the reports was made a few days ago. They are in pamphlet form and make a very good show.

A new style of marking the various grades has been adopted, letters being used instead of figures.

Senior speeches begun last Monday morning and will continue throughout the year.

Prof. Baldwin's "Essential Studies in English and American Literature" has been completed. It will probably be used in this school next year.

The ambitious members of the Zoological class make quite a display in the way of needles, scissors, microscopes, etc.

What Baking Powder Shall We Use?

This plain question comes home to every housekeeper. We all desire pure and wholesome food, and this cannot be had with the use of impure or poisonous baking powder. There can be no longer a question that all the cheaper, lower grades of baking powders contain either alum, lime or phosphate acid. As long as we may be to admit so much against what may have been some of our household gods, there can be no gainsaying the unanimous testimony of the official chemists. Indeed, analysts seem to find no baking powder free from some one of these objectionable ingredients except the Royal, and that they report as chemically pure. We find some of the baking powders advertised as pure, to contain, under the tests of Profs. Chandler, Habirshaw and others, nearly twelve per cent. of lime, while others are made from alum with no cream of tartar. This, we presume, accounts for their lack of leavening power as sometimes complained of by the cook, and for the bitter taste found in the biscuits so frequently complained of by ourselves.

But aside from the inferiority of the work done by these powders, the physiologists assure us that lime and alum taken into the system in such quantities as this are injurious. They are not decomposed by heat nor dissolved in mixing or baking. They go with the bread, therefore, into the stomach, where their physiological effects are indigestion, dyspepsia, or worse evils.

The question naturally arises, why do these cheap baking powder makers use these things? Alum is three cents a pound, lime still cheaper, while cream of tartar costs thirty-five or forty. The reasons for the chemical purity of the Royal Baking Powder were recently given in the New York Times in an interesting

description of a new method for refining argols, or crude cream of tartar. It seems that it is only under this process that cream of tartar can be freed from the lime natural to it and rendered chemically pure; that the patents and plant for this cost the Royal Baking Powder Company about half a million dollars, and that they maintain exclusive control of the rights.

Prof. McMurtrie, late chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., in the interests of commerce, made an examination of this process, and reported upon the results attained in the refined cream of tartar. The following extract from his report would seem to answer the question repeated at the head of this article, and which is so frequently propounded by the housekeeper:

"I have examined the cream of tartar used by the Royal Baking Powder Company in the manufacture of their baking powder, and find it to be perfectly pure, and free from lime in any form. The chemical tests to which I have submitted the Royal Baking Powder prove it perfectly healthful, and free from any deleterious substance."

An ounce of discretion is better than a pound of knowledge. Why not spend twenty-five cents for a bottle of Red Star Cough Cure, and save a large doctor's bill?

A divorce was granted a woman in Rome, Ga., lately upon proof that her husband had become a Mormon.

HE HAD SALT RHEUM FOR 20 YEARS.

A. Marvel, Asst. Supt. and G. P. Agt., C. R. I. & P. Ry., writes: "For twenty years I have been afflicted with salt rheum in a most serious form. During the winter season, my hands have been in such condition that I was unable to dress or undress myself without assistance, and I have not had gloves or bandages off my hands for about four months, until I began using Papillon (extract of flax) Skin Cure. I certainly think it has cured my hands." Large bottles only \$1 at all drug stores.

Two thousand five hundred young women earn a good living with typewriters in Chicago.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Albert Emminger, Covington, Ky., was afflicted with catarrh three years. He says: "After trying every patent medicine which I saw advertised, none of which helped me, I tried Papillon (extract of flax) catarrh cure as a last resort. It has made a complete cure and is worth its weight in gold. I will give you other references from parties who have been cured. It is no experiment, but a positive cure." Large bottles only \$1.00, for sale at drug stores.

A New Haven merchant is arrested for offering a prize to the guesser of the number of seeds in a squash.

A single fact is worth a ship load of argument. This may well be applied to St. Jacobs Oil, which is more efficacious than all other liniments. Mr. John Gregg, a well-known citizen of Watsonville, California, found it to be indispensable as a cure for rheumatism. Price, fifty cents.

During last year Messrs. Guinness, of Dublin, of XX fame, paid the extraordinary sum of \$2,121,235 for excise duty.

Those who believe that nature will work off a cough or cold should understand that this is done at the expense of the constitution. Each time this weakens the system, and we all know that the termination of this dangerous practice is a consumptive's grave. Don't take the chances, when a fifty cent bottle of Dr. Bigelow's Positive cure will promptly and safely cure any recent cough, cold or throat or lung trouble. Buy the dollar bottle of J. E. Allen & Co. for chronic cases or family use.

The pistol with which Giteau shot President Garfield is in the keeping of the civil authorities of District of Columbia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood reaches every part of the system, and in this way positively cures catarrh.

An uptown resident asked us the question: "How can I prevent my boy from being fast?" The best way is to let him join the district telegraph corps.

Credit is due the German women and physicians for first using Red clover blossoms as a medicine. Best results are obtained when combined with other medical roots and herbs, as in Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which is the best known remedy for all blood diseases, stomach and liver troubles, pimples, constiveness, bad breath, piles, ague and malaria diseases, poor appetite, low spirits, headache and all diseases of the kidneys. Price fiftycents, at J. E. Allen & Co.

Many Years

Mr. H. FOSTER, 220 Main Street, Terre Haute, Ind., suffered from Neuralgia, and found no relief till he used ATHLOPHOROS, then in one day's time the pain was all gone.

Some ATHLOPHOROS will not act as quick-time. ATHLOPHOROS is as in this case, but it is sure and the more severe the pain the more quickly it will act. There is no disease more common and none more intensely painful than neuralgia. Ladies particularly are subject to headaches of neuralgic origin. Neuralgia in any form can be surely cured. ATHLOPHOROS is absolutely safe and absolutely sure. Thousands who have suffered intensely with neuralgia and been cured by the use of Athlophoros prove the truth of this statement. Is it not worth a trial in your case?

Ask your druggist for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him we will send it express paid on receipt of regular price--\$1.00 per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed. ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH CURES COLD IN ROSE-COLD HEAD
HAY-FEVER
DEAFNESS
HEADACHE
PRICE 50 CENTS
ELY BROS. OREGON, U.S.A.
EASY TO USE

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Alleviates inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Oreg., N.Y.

All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

FOUTZ'S
No horse will die of Colic, Rots or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time. Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent Cholera. Foutz's Powders will prevent Gapes in Fowls. Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet. Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject. Foutz's Powders will give SATISFACTION. Sold everywhere.
DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor, BALTIMORE, MD.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION is free from opium in any form, and therefore perfectly safe. It cannot be asserted that every case of Consumption may be cured by this medicine, but it is true that thousands of lives will be saved if they do not delay too long. If you have a Cough without disease of the lungs, so much the better. A few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety the slight cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required to cure you. Price, 25 cents. By druggists.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE

The most Powerful Healing Ointment ever Discovered.
Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Sores.
Henry's Carbolic Salve allays Burns.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals Pimples.
Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Phlegm.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals Cuts.
Ask for Henry's--Take No Other.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
Price 25 cts., mail prepaid 30 cts.
JOHN F. HENRY & Co., New York.
Write for Illustrated Book.
For Sale by J. E. ALLEN & Co.

THE TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. A. SMITH.

Stevenson's Block, 2nd Floor, East Side.

THURSDAY, : : NOV. 25, 1888.

HOLIDAY NUMBER.

It is the purpose of the TIMES to publish a mammoth edition of a Grand Double Number about the 18th or 20th of December. The number will consist of SIXTEEN pages, printed on extra tinted book paper, and will be replete with seasonable matter, including Christmas stories, poems, original contributions from well-known writers, beautiful illustrations, etc. The edition will consist of 5,000 copies, one of which we propose to put into every accessible home in Putnam county. Watch later announcements. We will have advertising space to sell.

CONGRESS meets next week.

See that the poor, whom ye have always with ye, have cause for gratitude to-day.

MEACHER is not a member of the Indiana General Assembly, and he should make himself as scarce as possible.

SAM RANDALL seems to have the call among the leaders of Democracy. They are becoming frightened at their own free trade shadow.

The Sheriff's sales and various other county advertisements look well in the columns of our Republican contemporaries over the State.

It is presumed that the editor of the *Star-Press* is not now as much opposed street light as he once was. We shall expect to hear from him soon.

Will President Cleveland make good his advertised conviction that one term is all a President should

have, or will he be a candidate again? This is the question that is agitating the Democratic breast.

A LITTLE bird flew in at our transom the other day, and, perching himself upon a bust of Frank Suddall, over our office door, he told us some things. Among many in which the people will be interested was this: The flowers that bloom next spring will find in progress a lively little scrimmage between the two rival light companies of this city as to which shall be the heir apparent to the city franchise and contract now held by the Sun Vapor Light and Stove Co., of Canton, Ohio, for lighting our streets. This contract does not expire until one year from April next, but the little bird on the bust over our door tells us that there is an effort on foot to buy out that franchise and amalgamate it with a new long time contract for lighting by another process. In the very nature of things this new process must be either electric light or gas, and one company or the other, or both must be interested. However this may be, the TIMES, as ever before, wants to see the city do the best thing it can for itself. When, however, we remember how we fought all alone for the gasoline, when so many who now think differently were so much opposed to it, we do feel a sort of paternal interest in the economic and satisfactory little system, and we do not know but it is good enough for at least a few years longer. It is somewhat in the nature of a flattering unctious to us to see in what genuine esteem the little "lightning buds" are now held, and, unless the city can get something a great deal better for the same price, we do not believe the people can be brought to give them up. The I. B. has promised to tell us more about this matter later on.

INDIANAPOLIS at last has a Superintendent of Police who means business. He is exerting extreme efforts to stop the violations of law by the saloons, and is meeting with the success that ever attends earnest and honest backing up of the statutes. There are enough and good enough laws in this country if they were properly backed.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the brilliant and venerable son of the sixth President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, passed peacefully

away, at his home in Boston, on the 20th inst., at the ripe old age of 79. Mr. Adams was associated in life with many of America's great men, and served his country with credit in various capacities. His death is the severing of one of the few remaining links that bind the present generation to the days of early antebellum history.

HON. L. T. MICHENER tendered his resignation as Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee on Saturday, entering upon his duties as Attorney General on Monday. Mr. Michener has made an able and efficient secretary and deserves the reward he has received at the hands of his party.

It is announced that Henry Waterson goes to New York to take a position on the staff of the *Herald*. It took Joe Pulitzer to teach the New Yorkers what downright western get up and git can do, and now Henri will give them an idea of raw and unqualified tariff reform.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR was in his fifty sixth year when he died. Lincoln was within two weeks of the same age when assassinated. The death of Arthur removes the last of our ex-Presidents with the single exception of Hayes.

Harper's For December.

The December number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, just published, excels even its own high precedents as a Christmas feast of rich attractions. It is undoubtedly the most sumptuous issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE that has ever been issued, and marks the acme of artistic and literary bounty in the periodical world. A specially holiday tone prevails throughout, from the charming frontispiece by Abbey to the clever *Drawer* plate by DeMaurier. Nearly half of the sixty cuts are full pages, and four are printed on plate paper. The regular serials are omitted to provide larger space for the Christmas features. Every article and story is complete in itself.

The place of honor is held by the extraordinary article on "The Boyhood of Christ," by Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur." The lovely illustrations are all original, and from two clever artists, Alfred Bramtot and Sue O. Merson, the former a pupil of Bougereau, picturing the text descriptions of the principal scenes in the youth of that sublime character which inspired the author to produce the most remarkable novel of recent times.

W. D. Howell's farce, "The Mouse-trap," is fully equal to its predecessors, "The Register," and "The Elevator," which distinguished the Christmas Harper's of 1884 and 1885. The same characters continue in new scenes with Reinhardt's matchless illustrations.

In Gibson's "Wood Notes" the author-artist introduces us to many delights of his own experience in the woodland recesses of his favorite domain.

The number is unusually rich in short stories containing no less than six, four of them admirably illustrated.

Among the wealth of illustrated poetry the familiar ballad "Sally in our Alley" is exquisitely elaborated by Abbey's eleven drawings, one of them, "When Christmas Comes," being the frontispiece.

Indiana's Senators.

The following named gentlemen have been United States Senators from Indiana since the year 1850. The Senators in the year named were Jesse D. Bright, elected in 1845, and James Whitcomb, elected in 1849. Whitcomb died in 1852, and John Pettit was elected to fill out the unexpired term. Bright was re-elected in 1857, and was expelled on the charge of disloyalty in February, 1862. The vacancy caused by the retirement of Pettit in 1855 was not filled until 1857, when Graham N. Fitch was elected, and he was succeeded in 1861 by Henry S. Lane. On the expulsion of Bright, J. A. Wright was appointed by the Governor to fill his place, holding the office a few months until the meeting of the legislature, when David Turpie was elected to fill out the term, at the close of which Thomas A. Hendricks was chosen as successor. Henry S. Lane was succeeded in 1867 by Oliver P. Morton, who was again elected in 1871, but died Nov. 1, 1877, before the end of his second term. Daniel D. Pratt succeeded Hendricks in 1869, and Joseph E. McDonald followed Pratt in 1875. On the death of Morton in 1877, Voorhees was chosen to fill out his term, and in 1875 was elected for a full term, and re-elected again in 1885. Benjamin Harrison was elected to succeed McDonald in 1881. Of those there are but four living:—David Turpie, Joseph E. McDonald, Daniel W. Voorhees and Benjamin Harrison.

A railroad to Mammoth cave has been completed.

A Card.

Feeling that an explanation relative to the lecture of Mrs. Livermore on the 16th inst., is due the large number of people who were disappointed in the subject, I publish this card. Mrs. Livermore was engaged through the Chicago branch of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, they giving to me the choice of a dozen or more subjects. I selected "The Life and Times of John B. Gough," and supposed until I met the lecturer on Wednesday evening at 5:20 that the engagement could be filled. On meeting her she told me that she had not authorized the bureau to advertise that lecture, as it was incomplete, she having promised Mrs. Gough that she would not deliver it until she should have a consultation, and get the facts which the widow of the great lecturer and philanthropist alone could give. She positively refused to give the lecture, and thus I did the next best thing—selected another. She thought it best not to announce the change to the audience, and I concurred in the view. It is stated that she gave the lecture on Gough at Indianapolis the next night. Of this I know nothing. I only know that she would not give it for me.

T. J. BASSETT

Lying, Egypt Dying.

Hendricks County Republican.

The Evansville Courier declares that the Democratic party must sever its alliance with the Liquor League. The same old story. One by one that brilliant organization has been forced to give up its cherished principles. Since the first election of Lincoln the Democratic party has severed from its corporate body enough rottenness to fertilize the Sahara Desert; and now, if they have to give up "Old Sumptuary," the question is, what on earth will they do for a National issue in '88.

Thanksgiving Day and Christmas and the long winter evenings of home fireside comfort and cheer would present a happier prospect were there not so many reports of labor troubles and contemplated strikes. The latest is that twenty thousand cotton-mill people at Fall River, Mass., are talking of soon going idle, because employers are listless to their demand for better pay. Twenty thousand poor people voluntarily giving up their industrial pursuits, to impatiently abide at home or to discontentedly wander about the streets, means a great deal of misery; and with other strikes in progress or in contemplation here or there, east and west, at the beginning of bitter weather, saddens the outlook for even those comfortably situated, but whose joys are not wholly selfish, and whose friendly thoughts stray after the unfortunate ones with lines drawn in less pleasant places.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

Condensed Tragedy.

I

Dude,

Neat,

Girl,

Sweet,

II

Dude

Flops.

Soon

Pops.

III

Man.

Boot.

Dude.

Scout.

—Merchant Traveler.

Itch and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. Sold by Albert Allen, druggist, Greencastle, Ind. 7 ly

The legislature of Alabama has elected a woman for enrolling and engrossing clerk.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 129 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 52 cow 1yr

Some New York women call at houses and trim lamps professionally.

A CAPTAIN'S FORTUNATE DISCOVERY

Capt. Cole, sch. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic city and N. Y. had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household, and on board the schooner. Free trial bottles of this standard remedy at Albert Allen's Drug store.

GET UP CLUBS!

Now is the time to get up clubs for the TIMES. Any one sending us five new names, accompanied by \$1.25 each, will receive the paper one year free.

Any ten subscribers, new or old, clubbing together and sending the money with the names in advance, can get the paper for \$1.00 per year, each.

New subscribers beginning now will receive the paper till Jan. 1, 1889 for the price of one year.

It is predicted that Albany will be lit by natural gas within a year.

BIG - LINE

-OF-

Fur,

Scotch,

Plush,

Chinchilla

And Corduroy

CAPS

-FOR-

Men and Boys

-AT THE-

WHEN.

Greencastle, Ind.

LAMP S

For Everybody!

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

BEST COAL OIL

IN THE MARKET.

Also Pure Drugs, Paints, Oils, Glass, Dye Stuffs, Wall Paper, Stationery, Toilet Articles, etc. Best Goods, Moderate Prices.

JONES' DRUG STORE.

Cannon & Geers!

(Successors to James Daggy.)

Reliable

Merchant Tailors.

Having purchased the stock and stand of James Daggy are now in the market with the finest and latest and best in piece goods and suitings of all grades and patterns.

PRICES LOW.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

A FIRST-CLASS CUTTER.

Call and see us,

First National Bank Building,

Greencastle, Indiana.

Warm Underwear

Is much pleasanter and easier put on than to take bad medicine or pay doctor bills.

Our supply of all kinds is complete for men, women and children at extreme bargains.

Winter -- Wraps

In all the late styles and in good assortment can be had of us.

IF YOU NEED A CARPET

Do not delay the purchase. It is a fixed fact that they will soon be 10 to 15 cents a yard higher than present prices.

Our Store is Full of Seasonable Goods!

We ask your patronage, feeling sure we can do you good and satisfy your every want in Dry Goods.

ALLEN BROS.

BIG

D WALL PAPER

R AND

U DECORATIONS

G

New and elegant style
Sole agents for Bur,
sal's celebrated mixed
paints.

Piercy & Co's.

Dudley Brattin,

SUCCESSOR TO

A. R. BRATTIN,

Has a full line of en-
tire new goods.

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY.

Repairing a special-
ty. All goods war-
ranted to be as rep-
resented.

H. A. BOLEY,
Manager.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

VANDALIA —East 8:06 a. m., 8:34 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 3:40 p. m. West 8:59 a. m., 1:06 p. m., 5:26 p. m., 11:08 p. m., 12:15 a. m.
I. & S. L. —East 1:32 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 2:34 p. m., 5:01 p. m. West 12:30 K night 8:45 a. m., 12:58 p. m., 7:00 p. m.
L. N. A. & C. —North 12:29 p. m., 9:51 p. m., 12:48 a. m. South 2:51 p. m., 2:19 a. m., 6:40 a. m., Local freight 10:03 a. m., Local freight 1:35 p. m.

Money LOANED!

In any sum for any time. Must see the borrower in person. No delay. Money furnished at once at the very lowest rates.

Geo. E. Blake,
Greencastle, Ind.

For Sale!

Farms and city property on the most liberal terms. I have the best and cheapest property in the county and city. Call on me.

Geo. E. Blake,
Real Estate Agent, Greencastle, Ind.

INSURANCE

Geo. E. Blake, General Insurance Agent, Greencastle, Ind. Capital

One Hundred Million Dollars.

89 YEARS
Successful - Experience!

When the Old North America was organized in 1794, George Washington was President. Not a single railroad was in existence in the world, nor a steamboat. Losses promptly adjusted and paid. When you want insurance call on me.

FOR SALE.

New dwelling house, four rooms, good location; will take small cash payments, balance in monthly payments, so that the rent you pay elsewhere will pay for the property.

Geo. E. Blake.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease, caused by scrofulous taint in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla, being a constitutional remedy, purifies the blood, builds up the whole system, and permanently cures catarrh. Thousands of people who suffered severely with this disagreeable disease, testify with pleasure that catarrh

Can be

cured by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Alfred Cunningham, Fallon Avenue, Providence, R. I., says: "I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines, but have heretofore received only temporary relief. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good.—In fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever taken, and the only one which did me permanent good. I cordially recommend it." A gentleman in Worcester, Mass., who was

Cured

Of catarrh by Hood's Sarsaparilla, says: "I would not take any moneyed consideration for the good one bottle did me." If you are a sufferer, do not put off taking a simple remedy till your bronchial tubes or lungs are affected, and consumption has gained a hold upon you. Be wise in time! That flow from the nose, ringing noise in the ears, pain in the head, inflammation of the throat, cough, and nervous prostration will be cured if you take

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

D. R. A. C. FRY,

DENTAL OFFICE.

West Side Public Square, over New York Store. 1y6

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Events of the Week—Our People and Other People—Happenings of Interest to all.

Ben Nicholson is quite sick.

The Vandalia employees were paid yesterday.

Hear Horr, the wittiest man in America.

The incandescent light is making a good showing.

Mrs. J. D. Torr is visiting at Bloomfield, Ind.

"Shinny" has struck the town with a vengeance.

Orion Beckwith, of St. Louis, was here over Sunday.

Prof. DeMotte lectures in Terre Haute December 3.

Mrs. Gillman, of Effingham, Ill., is visiting in the city.

The Monon is rapidly picking up in its freight business.

Oscar Webster has a child sick with intermittent fever.

Mrs. H. R. Callender has returned from an Evansville visit.

Mrs. J. T. Darnell returned from Philadelphia yesterday.

There was a slight wreck on the Vandalia Tuesday night.

These is an abundance of poultry this season, and it is cheap.

Mrs. Ida Sercombe leaves this week for a trip in the South.

Will Duncan is driving street car for the street railway company.

Mrs. J. W. Lee and Miss Hamlin visited in Danville over Sunday.

C. W. Talburt and wife are spending Thanksgiving in Lafayette.

Miss Jennie Smythe was in Indianapolis the first of this week.

Herman Hinchey and Harry Smith spent Sunday in Evansville.

Did it ever strike you that the dog population of this city is rather large?

Al. Hirt, who has been in New York, and other eastern cities, is at home.

Mrs. H. C. Darnall visited her sister in Indianapolis the first of the week.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A buggy in good condition. Inquire at Jones' drug store.

Mrs. I. N. Pierce, of Terre Haute, has been visiting at Jas. Nutt's the past few days.

Mrs. Sheridan has returned from Indianapolis, her son accompanying her and returning yesterday.

Elder Taylor and wife, who have been visiting in Eminence, Kentucky, will arrive home to-day.

W. Fugate, George Silly and Ed. Francis, of Indianapolis, spent Sunday in this city with L. Lewman.

Miss Minnie Shaffer, who was in the Music school last year, will visit at the ladies dormitory this week.

Tom O'Connell leaves to-day for Washington City to accept a position in the Government printing office.

Misses Kate Watson and Rose McDermott, and Mrs. Chas. Cutler are spending Thanksgiving in this city.

The Postoffice was closed Monday from 10 a. m. until 1 p. m. on ac-

count of the funeral of President Arthur.

The Tuesdale Bros. sold their gas fitting establishment to a Mr. Wilson, of Terre Haute.

Give of your substance to those who have not, and be thankful that you are able to do so.

Sergeant Parker left yesterday for Columbus, Ohio, where he takes charge of the signal office.

Mr. Lyman Nangle and wife, of Garden City, Kansas, arrived in town Tuesday on a brief visit.

The shoe men and rubber dealers wear a smile that is very broad just at this season of the year.

S. D. Irvin, of Madison township, has been appointed a justice of the peace, by the commissioners.

J. S. Dowling and F. A. Arnold went hunting Saturday night. They went up the Monon to the Kankakee region.

Miss Maud Gill and Miss Nellie Scott, of Ladoga are spending Thanksgiving with their friend, Miss Jessie Neff.

W. B. Lewis, formerly of this county, has been elected a member of the legislature from Caden county, Missouri.

In our Maple Grove correspondence last week it was announced that I. N. Dicks had sold his farm. It was a mistake.

The postoffice will be closed to day from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. according to the laws and regulations of the postal department.

The recently elected Clerk, Sheriff, Coroner and Prosecuting Attorney have filed their official bonds, which have been approved.

The gas company are putting the streets in good order again, by clearing off the extra dirt made in laying their pipes.

The Thanksgiving Union services will be held at 10:30 o'clock this morning in the Christian church, Dr. Parkhurst preaching.

The electric light failed last Saturday, the result of a burnt out dynamo coil. It has been repaired, and is now in running order.

The members of the Locust Street Church surprised their pastor, Rev. Zaring, by giving him a donation party Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Thayer, Jr., of Greenfield, arrived Tuesday for a short visit in the city. They return this evening to Greenfield.

Mrs. Ruth Lotshar and daughter, Stella, are visiting in Indianapolis. They will attend the wedding of Mrs. Lotshar's sister, which occurs this evening.

Hon. C. A. Lincoln spoke to the laboring men at the court house Tuesday and Wednesday evenings on the subject of American Labor and Finance.

John C. Breckinridge, Inspector General of the Military Division, of Missouri, was here Tuesday inspecting the military department of De Pauw University.

The L. N. A. & C., Vandalia and I. & S. L. railroads will sell excursion tickets to Greencastle from all points on the 8th inst., on account of the Gilmore concert.

Prof. E. E. Stevenson and wife (nee Downey) are spending Thanksgiving with her parents, Judge Downey and wife, at the Grand Central Hotel.

State Superintendent H. M. La-follette and Auditor of State Bruce Carr were in the city yesterday shaking hands with friends. They paid the TIMES a pleasant visit.

Chas. Meehler, of Johnson City, Kansas, who has been visiting his mother in this city has returned to

his western home. His brother, George, has been recently appointed Postmaster of Johnson City.

Prof. Howard Sanderson, of the State Normal School, and Prof. R. G. Boone, of the State University, will address the Teacher's Association Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26 and 27, at High School room.

Monday's St. Louis Globe Democrat said Will Souder, of Indianapolis, and Will Callender, of this city, had signed contracts to play ball in St. Louis next year with the "Maroons." They will make a good battery.

President David S. Jordan, of the State University, will deliver the annual address before the Teacher's Association at Meharry Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 26. Subject: "The Ascent of the Matterhorn." All are invited. Admission free.

Mrs. Mary Byrd, who formerly resided here, with Dr. Moudy, writes from Kansas that she and her sister have entered claims in Barber county, and are living on them in dug-outs until they can "prove up" next spring. Kansas will not want for brave women.

The weekly meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held at the residence of Mrs. Alpheus Birch each Thursday afternoon during December, commencing at half past two. All interested in the cause of temperance are invited.

A. M. Lockridge has purchased of the Wm. Bridges estate the 141 acres known as the Maple wood farm, paying therefor \$60 an acre. This is one of the choicest and most valuable pieces of land in Putnam county, and was highly prized by the late Mr. Bridges.

The Scientific American, published by Munn & Co., New York, presents weekly to its readers the best and most reliable record of various improvements in machinery, while the scientific progress of the country can in no way be gleaned so well as by the regular perusal of its pages.

Rev. H. W. Brown, the evangelist, began a series of revival meetings at the Presbyterian church last Sunday evening. His meetings are being well attended. Mr. Brown is an interesting talker, and his sermons are attentively listened to. Mr. E. C. Avis, a singer from Tennessee, accompanied him.

Lelia Permelia, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hays, which had been sick some time, died Monday morning about 10 o'clock. The funeral occurred Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. W. R. Haistead and Dr. Parkhurst conducting the services.

Official notification from the War Department has been received by J. E. Allen to the effect that the telegrams, bulletins, etc., furnished to signal office at this point will be continued to him, that may he still display them for the benefit of the public. The matter, as to the instruments belonging to the station, has been referred to the proper authorities, and it is also probable that they will be left in the hands of some competent person for use in this city.

A large number of young people were at the depot upon the arrival of the east bound passenger train this morning to bid adieu to Miss Mamie Seybold, who was starting for her home in Greencastle, Ind. Miss Seybold has been visiting here for some months, and has made many warm friends, as well as a position in society circles that will be hard to fill. May she return again before many weeks is the wish of all the young people.—Garden City, Kansas, Daily Irrigator, Nov. 4.

Miss Seybold arrived safely in Greencastle yesterday, having spent a week or so in Wellington, Kas.

P. R. CHRISTIE & CO.

What we want is to call your attention to the fact that we sell good shoes and do our best to please our customers. Our aim is to give you a shoe that will look well, fit well and wear well. Our shelves are full of good custom-made shoes, representing some of the most popular lines that are made. We have a line of Women's Rubber Sandals that never fail to give satisfactory wear. Our Gent's "W. S. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe" is the cheapest shoe in America. They are genuine calf stock and good fitters. We have our Youths' and Boy's Shoes made according to our instructions. They are unusually strong and come nearer meeting the wants of the average boy than anything yet discovered. Try our goods. If you can find better elsewhere we want ask you to patronize us. Our terms are cash. One price.

P. R. CHRISTIE & CO., Middle South Side Public Square.

Gas - Gas!

Contracts taken for
Plumbing

—AND—
Fixtures.

Experienced Workmen. Work properly and promptly done.

CITY DRUG STORE.
J. E. ALLEN & CO.

Paints!
ARE CHEAP AT
ALLEN'S
Drug :: Store.

If you are going to paint this season do it now while the prices are low.

We also keep a complete stock of
Wall Paper,
Window Glass,
Putty, &c.

Great Reduction!

—IN—
PRICES OF MILLINERY.

Ladies', Misses' and childrens' felt hats and bonnets 50c. and 75c., sold elsewhere for \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Toboggan caps, 50c., worth 75c.

Ladies' white merino vests and pants, 38c., worth 50c.

Ladies' all wool scarlet vests and pants, 75c., worth \$1.00.

F. G. GILMORE.

LUMBER.

Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Dressed Lumber of all grades, Frames and Finish furnished to order. Clear Shingles \$3.20, Extra *A* \$2.60. Best Poplar Shingles in the market, 12 in. Boards, 1 side, 1.50. No. 3 and cull Bds. \$1.00 to \$1.10. Frame Lumber \$1.30 to \$1.40. Other grades at bottom prices.

Call and see My Stock

A Dollar Saved is a Dollar Earned.

North Indiana Street.

G. W. Grubb.

OH! MY BACK
Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Enriches the Blood. Strengthens the Nerves. Gives New Vigor.

Dr. J. I. Myers, Fairfield, Iowa, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best Iron medicine I have known in my 30 years' practice. I have found it especially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion, and in all debilitating ailments that bear so heavily on the system. Use it freely in my own family."

Mr. W. F. Brown, 327 Main St., Covington, Ky., says: "I was completely broken down in health and troubled with pains in my back. Brown's Iron Bitters entirely restored me to health."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



THE SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

We're thankful for a host of things,
Too numerous to mention;
For sweethearts true and hearts to woo,
And all things worth attention.
For all and everything that gives
Our lives so much of pleasure
We offer thanks. Long may we taste
This overflowing measure.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

The morning came. It came as other Thanksgiving mornings had come—with fresh, frolicking winds and sunlight, and blue skies; with merry voices, with cloudbless faces and happy hearts.

I remember just how yellow and murky the sunshine lay on the floors that morning, and how I thought the wind wafted about the corners of the house—to me it had no frolic. The children came in from play while I was at work, all flushed and eager, and happy, jostling and pushing each other good-naturedly in the entry.

Dinner time came at last and they gathered round the table gleefully—just as gleefully, I thought, with a half bitterness, as if they had all been there.

"Why, what's this for?" asked Harry, stopping. "Mother, you've got one chair too many."

"Hush, Harry—I know—don't you see?" and then Lucy finished her sentence in a whisper.

Why had I done it? I hardly knew. To lay the plates and set the chairs, and pass that one plate by—that place that always was by mine—seemed hard. It was a very little thing; but you know how dear these little things become to women sometimes.

So I had put it there—the empty chair; and with its pitiful, appealing blankness beside me, I set down to the festive meal. I remember just how everything looked, as in a picture—my husband's face, with its peaceful smile, and the children grouped around in the old places; and a flock of yellow sunlight that had fallen in through the warm south window upon the table cloth. I remember everything. I know that John had just bowed his head to ask a blessing on our food, and the children's eyes were closed, when I saw—I saw distinctly as I see this paper upon which I write the words—a shadow fall across the empty chair.

I turned my head, and I saw him, my dead boy Willie. I know it was Willie. You need not doubt me, for I tell you I cannot be mistaken. Should not I know him, I, his mother? I looked deep, deep into his eyes. I saw the old, rare smile; I touched his own bright curls upon his forehead; I spoke to him, he spoke to me.

"Willie?"

"Mother?"

"The voice was breathless, but it was his."

"Willie! Willie!"

Again the old, rare smile. With one hand he motioned silence. His father's voice hushed the amen, and the children looked up and began their chatter.

"Did you speak to me, Mary?" asked my husband.

"No."

"Why, I thought some one spoke during the blessing."

So they did not see him. I alone was chosen. I looked into his face, smiling, smiling down into mine so tenderly—you cannot know how tenderly; but in his eyes I saw—and I thought my heart would break to see it—a certain, sad, reproachful look, that I had caught on his face once, years ago, when I accused him of injustice of some trifling, childish fault—a look that had haunted me in many a still hour since. And then I heard him speak distinctly, though to not another ear was the breathless voice audible:

"I want them to be happy. I want you to enjoy the day. Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

He was with me, thank God, and I was happy. I talked, I laughed, I chatted with the children; their merriment increased with mine; my husband's pale face lighted up; I felt my own eyes sparkling. And all the while, where they saw only that empty chair, I saw the beautiful, still face and happy smile. I saw him pleased with the old familiar customs. I saw him mindful of the children's jests. I saw his eyes full of their own home love, turn from one to another and look again to me—I saw and I was content. All that day he was beside me. He followed us into the sitting room and took his old seat by the cozy fire. He listened to his father's stories and watched the children at their games, and joined us when we gathered around the piano for our twilight song. I heard his voice; the children asked what made me sing so clearly.

THE CHILDREN COMING IN FROM PLAY.

Just as the shades began to fall heavily he drew me toward him by the frost bound window. He stooped and kissed me. He took me in his arms and said, as he had said before:

"Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

And then I missed him. I called to him, but he did not answer. I stretched out my arms to him, but he did not come back to me. The room grew dark; my head swam; I tottered over to my husband.

"Oh, John! I have lost him!"

"Mary—why, Mary! what is the matter?" and he caught me in his arms.

I looked up. I was not in the parlor by the frost bound window; the children were not beside me. The sitting room fire had died down into the ashes; the door into the hall was open, and my husband had on his overcoat. He was holding me tightly in his arms.

"I thought—oh, John! John!" And then I told him all my dream. When I had finished he was still a long time, then—

"Mary, perhaps the boy has been to you."

At this moment the clock on the mantel struck 12. We listened to its strokes till the last one died away.

"It is Thanksgiving morning," said my husband, solemnly.

When the morning really came, with its fresh, frolicking winds and sunlight, and blue skies; with its merry faces and gay voices, and the happy children rapping at my door, I thought of what he said, "Perhaps the boy has been to you." Sometimes I think he must have been, so real and sweet is, even now, the memory of his coming. All that day he stood beside me. All that day I saw his peaceful face, and felt the blessing of his smile, and heard his low, sweet voice. What for months I had looked upon and feared with the bitterness of a great dread, the face, and smile, and voice made almost painless.

The children's merry greetings did not hurt me; my fingers did not tremble when they twined the fresh green leaves about the walls.

The older children went with us to church that morning. The little church was very still and pleasant, and somehow the service stole away down into my heart. It was no eloquent preacher that we heard; only a plain man, with God's plainest gifts of mind and culture. But the day was real to him, and I listened. A bit of Mrs. Brown's music kept singing itself in my soul:

I praise thee while my days go on,
I love thee while my days go on;
Through dark and death, through fire and frost,
With cupied arms and treasure lost,
I thank thee while my days go on.

I think that I did thank him—I who, only last year, had sat there with my boy beside me.

I think that when the dear familiar words flooded the church with harmony again, as on that other morning, and John and I clasped hands silently—I think we uttered the old, old cry: "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

We stopped after church together where the boy was lying, to let May lay down her little green wreath, and I was glad that she could do it calmly. Somehow I felt as if tears would be profanation just then. Then we went quietly home.

It was a happy home that day—as happy as it could be when we did not see him. Yet I knew he was there.

"Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

I heard it over and over; I hear it over and over now; I shall hear it when the next Thanksgiving sun brightens his grave. He wished us to be happy; I know he was with us. I think he always will be.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING.

A Purely Puritan Festival of Rejoicing Over Worldly Things.

As if to resist the bitterness and sadness of the falling year, the most genial and kindly of all our festivals occurs at the end of November. Its very name, "Thanksgiving," betrays its pious origin—an origin unmarked with any prior tradition. The great Christian festival of Christmas stretches backward to yule logs and mistletoes, to Scandinavian and Briton beathery; nor does it lose by the graceful, happy association. But Thanksgiving is purely Puritan. It is the good, warm heart conquering the tough head and ascetic manner of the old pilgrims.

In Elliott's "New England History" you may read that in 1623, after the harvest, Governor Bradstreet sent out a company to shoot game to furnish a dainty feast of rejoicing after the labors of the colony. Having followed the directions of the governor, and the principle of the excellent Mrs. Glass, they cooked their game and invited Massachusetts and some ninety other savages, and all fell to and devoured the feast, thanking God

"for the good world and the good things in it."

Think of that little shivering band clustered on the bitter edge of the continent, with the future before them almost as dark as the forest behind them, many of them with such long lines of happy memories in Old England flashing across the sea into the gloom of their present position like gleams of ruddy freight that stream far out of the cheerful chimney into the cold winter night—and think of the same festival now, when our governors and our president invite millions of people to return thanks to the great giver of harvests; and the millions of people obeying, sacrifice hecatombs of turkeys and pumpkins and pour out seas of cider and harmless wine.

GOOD OLD THANKSGIVING CALLING IN THE POOR AND WEARY.

It might be dangerous to stake one's reputation upon the assertion that Thanksgiving is a strictly religious feast. It is a day of practical rejoicing in the good things of this world, and there may even be people whose mouths are fuller of turkey than their hearts of thanks. But every year the area of the feast enlarges. Every year there are more people who sit down to "gleaning boards," as the reporters happily express it, upon occasions of civic festivity.

Dear old Thanksgiving! Long and long may his hospitable board be spread. Long and long may he stand, benignant, at his door, calling in the poor and the weary, the blind and the lame, even as the old Puritans called in Massachusetts and ninety other savages. Rich in blessings and reverend in years, may good old Thanksgiving last with the continent, knitting closer the ties of family and friendship; its cheerfulness beaming like the smile of a patriarch; its charity burning like a central fire, warming all the year and lighting up every dark day of care and sorrow.

THE MIKADO'S FATE.

A THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.

It was about the first of November that the big turkey, the Mikado of the farmyard, was given a house all to himself and everybody waited upon him in the most untiring manner. At first he was somewhat astonished at

so marked a change in his fortunes. His extraordinary consideration as he now received at everybody's hands amazed him for a time, but he soon settled it in his mind entirely to his satisfaction.

"Ho! ho!" he said. "Ha! ha! They have just learned my worth. I have always known that I was a great genius, with a brain as big as a wash tub, and I think the other turkeys, poor insignificant things, and the chickens, sorry creatures, knew it also. At least, they have all shown a wholesome respect for my power, but I must admit that I have been slow to impress the people with my importance. It has come at last, however. See how they truckle to me, how low to me, supply my every want almost before it is felt, and make menials of themselves to cater to my pleasure!"

This he said to himself as he walked by himself. The other citizens of the farmyard looked at him with glowering faces and the bitterness of envy in their hearts. He had always tyrannized over them, and they hated him with a hatred all the more deadly because it was concealed under the mask of respect. Now, though he had never done a humane or generous thing in his life, they beheld him housed and feasted like a king, with the sauce of admiration served up to him every hour. They couldn't understand it; they saw no justice in it, and they murmured against it.



"OH, I AM THE GREAT MIKADO."

A poor, hard working hen who had brought up her family by the strictest economy and most faithful industry, and who had been robbed of her last bite again and again by the heartless Mikado, spoke her mind about it.

"It's an outrage," she said, "an outrage on all decent folks to see that brute of a Mikado in clover up to his comb while the rest of us scratch from morning till night merely to keep life in our bodies. Such things are rapidly creating an aristocracy of sex. In the future when male and female are both equal before the law there will be none of this. But it's the way of the world, and always has been. The basest and least deserving get into power, because they are so coarse that they can ride right over any obstacle, having no sensibilities to wound."

Here a great swell of a cock, a monopolist of high degree, looked away and pretended not to hear; but the others listened attentively, sighed, and admitted that it was hard to rise in the world while such monsters as the Mikado had the power to oppress.

A middle-aged anarchist spluttered around at a great rate; but as he had always talked rather more than he should they didn't give him the closest attention. A fair and fat hen of good figure smiled scornfully, and said that one could expect nothing but coarse vanity from a person of really low pedigree like the Mikado. "For her part, come what would, she had the comforting knowledge that the blood of the Brahmas flowed in her veins. Her ancestors were Asiatic kings. Then she strutted around to show off her figure, which really was perfect.

A young turkey, who was considered something of a crank because he wore glasses, was greatly given to philosophy and metaphysics, had gone so far as to lecture a little and was thinking of starting a newspaper, here piped up: "It is my opinion, friends, that we are to blame for our lack of success. The Mikado is merely carrying out the theories of the new school of Boston thinkers and the occultists of the east, which he has dropped on. I verily believe, through my teaching. He has a powerful will, and he has secretly and persistently demanded the good things of life and is getting them. The great force, my friends, is mind. But while we have been talking about it, he, like the pirate he is, has grabbed the idea and put it into operation."

An old and opinionated cat that had been apparently sleeping on a fence post now had a word to say. "You are very inexperienced creatures. When you have lived as long as I have (which none of you are likely to do, I am sorry to say, for reasons it would be indelicate now to mention) you will know that what appears sometimes to be great good fortune is really the greatest curse that could befall us. I will not here go into particulars, but I will entreat you not to be envious of the Mikado. This is a very dramatic world. The man who is up to-day may be down to-morrow. Envy no one. Perhaps your hard lot is better a thousand times for your soul's good than the wealth of a Gould or a Vanderbilt, or even the Mikado. Ben Franklin spoke wisely when he said:

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is humble none at all."

Just then the Mikado, whose doors had been opened by the beautiful daughter of the house to give him an hour's walk in the sunshine, came near them with lordly gait, head erect and wings scraping the earth in overwhelming pride. In spite of the cat's sermon on humility, in the face of the fact that they knew she spoke the truth, they felt shriveled and mean in the presence of this petted and admired creature. He walked near them, smiled scornfully, and said:

Stand out of the way, you creatures small,
Stand out of the way of my shadow;
For I am the king and boss of all,
Oh, I am the great Mikado."

And they stood out of his way, though here and there was one who could not refrain from shedding tears, so deep was his humiliation.

The mistress of the house, accompanied by a friend, just then appeared on the other side of the fence, and the object of their attention seemed to be the Mikado. He wasn't slow to show his appreciation of the distinction, either. He strutted and gobbled in the most pompous and self-gratulatory way.



THE MIKADO AT THE FEAST.

"Isn't he magnificent!" said the visitor. "I should think you would weigh nearly twenty pounds. Oh, isn't he a creature!"

The Mikado heard this remark and almost fainted with delight. "Ah," he thought, "I was right in always believing myself an important personage. I hear it now from the

lips of those who have heretofore pretended to be my superiors."

"What do you feed him on?" asked the visitor.

"Oat meal scalded in hot milk and various little dainties. It's a joy to see him eat."

At this the Mikado felt himself bursting with pride.

"My daughter is to be married on Thanksgiving day, and he is to be the great feature of the table," said the hostess.

"Oh, my," thought the Mikado, "won't that be fine? I am to figure at a wedding, to be the great feature of the whole proceeding, it seems. I must order something nice to wear."

The cat on the fence post also heard, but she only licked her lips and smiled knowingly.

The day went on and the Mikado only grew fatter and more domineering every hour, and the other fowls became more and more cast down.

On Thanksgiving morning his doors were opened and he was invited to come forth. This was the day when he was to receive greater honors than ever, and he waddled out, cumbered by his excessive flesh, with more arrogance than usual. He was a little surprised when the hired man grabbed him by the legs and suddenly inverted him. It was an undignified attitude for a bird of his plumage, to say the least; but he reflected a moment and concluded that it was but fitting, after all, for a creature of his distinction to be carried, and of course this awkward fellow didn't know how to carry him gracefully or even comfortably.

He had no time to frame other thoughts, for in a moment more the hired man had assassinated him, and his head was lying on one side of the chopping block and his body on the other.

His late envious associates ran in all directions, chilled with horror, nor were they seen again that day. He graced the feast, to be sure, he was the great feature of it, but not in the capacity he had so conceitedly anticipated. Instead of the fine suit of fashionable garments he had expected to be arrayed in, he appeared shorn of his feathers, with his skin cruelly browned and his legs cut off at the knees, a sorry and humbled Mikado, surely.

In a short time his very memory was forgotten, or recalled only with a sneer, or to be cited as an example of what conceit will bring any one to.

The day after Thanksgiving there was a little talk over his head and his bones, which were found in a ditch by his despised comrades. His fate was a lesson to them.

"After all," said one, "we might have known that such a sudden rise into affluence could lead to no good. Up like a rocket and down like a stick, you know."

"Do you remember my words," said the cat, who came strolling along, bulging in body more than usual from having enjoyed extraordinary Thanksgiving blessings. "I told you to envy no one; that it was a dangerous thing to reach such eminence as the Mikado enjoyed. Poor fool, he did enjoy it while it lasted."

"Could it be," said the young turkey with the eyeglasses and taste for metaphysics, "could it be that my doctrines led him astray? Still, he was a good illustration of the truth of what I have been preaching—that if you persistently desire the best you will get it. But the best, in his case, didn't seem to be really good for him, after all, as now the question arises: 'Is it good for any of us? I must admit that I am somewhat confused on this point, and, in spite of the Mikado's grave face and of character, I lament the tragedy in which he was the victim. For some reason, his death was the occasion of general rejoicing in the house, and I have even picked up a word here and there which goes to show that the people who were the cause of his death gave thanks over his body. They actually called the day 'Thanksgiving,' so grateful were they that he was gone. Perhaps they feared that in his excessive love of

power he would rise some day, seize the reins of government, and trample them all under his feet. If so, I half excuse the murder, though I am too much of a Buddhist to sympathize with a festival which sanctions the destruction of living creatures, and the eating of them, too. In the round of existence, depend upon it, my friends, all such things are evened up. They who kill shall be killed in turn; if not in this life, in some embodiment in the far future."

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THE TALK OVER HIS HEAD AND BONES.

The hen who was in favor of equal suffrage said that after all there were compensations in life. She still held her old views; but she had learned a lesson in patience. Her dream of political equality would be realized; but she must wait, and while she waited work as well as talk. A very aged old bird of no particular lineage cleared his throat just then. As he was generally silent, he commanded great attention when he did speak. He said: "You are getting on to the true philosophy of life at last. Agitation doesn't accomplish half as much as people think it does. The influences which really move the world are subtle. Your talkers think they revolutionize the world; but the real power comes from higher, much higher"—and he subsided into silence.

The noted anarchist rooster had nothing at all to say until his views were called for. Even then he evaded it until cornered and compelled to talk. Then he straightened up and put on his old time, important manner. "It is the beginning of the end, my friends," he said. "Monsters like the Mikado die of their own greed. They are their own executioners. Had he divided his abundance with us we would all have had a layer or so of the fat which encumbered him and brought him to grief, and he might have been alive to-day. But, no—he must have the earth. Nothing was too much for him. We had to starve that he might live. All of you can testify that he lived upon the proceeds of your labor, for you scratched and he came along just as your bite was ready for your mouth and snatched it from you, and you dared not say your souls were your own."

"But what of the lady with the purest blood of Asia in her veins?" asked a dapper young cock. "I haven't seen her to-day."

"Nor have I," said a dozen voices. Here the cat spoke again. "I am sorry to say that our fair friend has shared the Mikado's fate. The chief cause of pride with her proved her ruin."

Her good blood gave her a fine figure, and the people of this country are a flesh-eating race. They have no scruples against eating any of you who are so unfortunate as to possess sweet, clean flesh. So you see that it is never safe to boast."

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"Oh, dear! what a difficult and dangerous world to live in!" said all in one voice.

The old housewife, who was fond of Shakespeare, came on the scene, sniffed contemptuously at the Mikado's bones, and said: "Alas! he lived for self, and now none are so poor as to do him reverence."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.



Scrofula of Lungs

Relieved.

I am now 49 years old, and have suffered for the last fifteen years with a lung trouble. Several members of the family on my mother's side of the house had died with consumption, and the doctors all agreed in their opinion that I had consumption also. I had all the distressing symptoms of that terrible disease. I have spent thousands of dollars to arrest the march of this disease. I have employed all of the usual methods, not only in my own case, but in the treatment of other members of my family but temporary relief was all that I obtained. I was unfit for any manual labor for several years. By chance I came into possession of a pamphlet on "Blood and Skin Diseases," from the office of Swift's Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga. A friend recommended the use of Swift's Specific, claiming that he himself had been greatly benefited by its use in some lung troubles. I resolved to try it. About four years ago I commenced to take S. S. S. according to directions. I found it an invigorating tonic, and have used about fifty bottles. The results are most remarkable. My cough has left me, my serousness has returned, and I weigh sixty pounds more than I ever did in my life. It has been three years since I stopped the use of the medicine, but I have had no return of the disease, and there are no pains or weakness felt in my lungs. I do the hardest kind of mechanical work, and feel as well as I ever felt since I was a boy. These, I know are wonderful statements to make, but I am honest when I say that I owe my existence and health to-day to Swift's Specific. It is the only medicine that brought me any permanent relief. I do not say that Swift's Specific will do this in every case, but most positive affirm that it has done this much for me, and I would be recreant to the duty I owe to suffering humanity if I failed to bear this cheerful testimony to the merits of this wonderful medicine. I am well known in the city of Montgomery, and can refer to some of the best citizens in the city.

Montgomery, Ala., June 25, 1885.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

Dr. Forsha's

ALTER

DISASTERS ON THE LAKES.

Many Vessels Wrecked and a Large Number of Lives Lost.

DETROIT, Nov. 23.—The tow barges *Melrose* and *Marquette*, in tow of the steam tug *Albatross*, laden with lumber at Oscoda, Mich., broke loose during the gale Thursday, twenty miles off Manitowishkee, and went ashore near Herring Island. Both are a total loss and the crews of fifteen men in all were lost with the exception of one man, C. W. Annis.

The *Albatross*'s crew consisted of Capt. James C. Cox, of Port Huron; Mate John Bunt, of Detroit; Cook William Lowry, of Buffalo; William Arbley, of Port Huron, and three other foremast sailors whose names are not known. The *Marquette*'s crew were William Mitchell, Chicago, captain, and seven others, including Amis and a woman and her daughter. They all hailed from Chicago.

A telegram from Muskegon, Mich., says: *Wreckage* continues to come ashore, and it undoubtedly is that of the schooner *Helen*, of Chicago. Her supposed hull is floating about half a mile out in Lake Michigan. The spar and upper works were plainly seen late Friday afternoon. If it proves to be the *Helen*, her crew is lost. The sea is going down.

A telegram from Ashland, Wis., says: News has been received here that the schooner *Lucerne*, from Ashland for Cleveland, on Sunday, was wrecked in Lake Superior with all on board. A search has disclosed the tops of the lumbered vessel projecting above the water level about a mile from Ashland. Three dead bodies were washed to the shore and were taken to Ashland. One has been recognized as the cabin mate of the *Lucerne*. There were nine men on board.

EMPTY CUPBOARDS AND COAL-BINS.

Wives of Stock Yards Strikers Pleading for Their Husbands.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—The only change in the situation at the stock yards Thursday was in the weather. The blizzard kept the crowd of unemployed strikers indoors, and they did not even assemble in their usual numbers at the different packing-houses at 7 o'clock. Of the 8,000 strikers who are still out of work, a small majority turned out. The biggest crowd was at Armour's, where about 5,000 assembled on the viaduct. Not one was permitted to work, and they all went back home disappointed. Very few of the old-timers were taken back at any of the houses. The reason given for this was the scarcity of hogs. The receipts were 10,000 head of hogs that were expected, owing to the strike. At Armour's they said they would start a new bench Friday or at the earliest on Saturday, in which event a large number of the strikers will be given employment.

There is ample proof that many of the men who went out on the strike and have not been able to get back are getting desperate. One of the chief occupations at Armour's is to listen to the pleadings of strikers' wives, with tears in their eyes, tell about the empty coal-bin and cupboard at home and ask their husbands to be taken back. They generally go away with messages to their husbands to come back to work.

Nearly all the strikers at the Chicago stock yards were given or promised work Friday. The company has been sent back to the city, and the second regiment was relieved Saturday morning.

ROBBED THE CITY.

The Treasurer of Vincennes, Ind., Confesses He Is Guilty to the Mayor.

VINCENNES, Ind., Nov. 19.—Orders were issued by the city last Monday night on City Treasurer Henry Duesterberg for \$10,000. When they were presented for payment Duesterberg found that he had only \$125 on hand with which to meet the obligation. He immediately went before the mayor and said that he was a defaulter; that he desired to turn over the keys of the office and to go to jail. He wept bitterly and professed he knew not where the money had gone. Some very rough criticism was on his bond and have taken possession of the city property. He will pay the deficit. Duesterberg had filed a check of \$10,000 on the city treasurer for two terms, and had not understanding the present predicament is still regarded by many people as a dishonest man whose chief fault has been incompetency.

TWO YOUNG LADIES CREMATED.

Anti-Socialists of the Careless Lighting of a Fire.

MADISON, Ind., Nov. 19.—Fire Thursday morning destroyed the residence of James Johnson at Louisville, twelve miles northwest of this place. Johnson, his wife and two sons were asleep, but the two daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah Jane, 18 and 16, perished in the flames. John Turner, a hired hand, was badly burned. Turner arose at 4 a. m., and when he found that the house was on fire, he immediately ran to the stove and fired to the house. Both girls were teachers and highly respected. Nothing was recovered of the bodies except a few charred bones.

TICKETS FOR 1888.

DETROIT, Nov. 23.—Saturday The Detroit Republican, an organ of the Labor party, published a two-column article on the question of a political standpoint, and proposed the winning ticket for the Republican ticket in 1888, Oglesby for president and Fidelity for vice president. Quite a number of ticketmakers in this section favor the Logan and Fidelity combination.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper is authority for the statement that a dozen leading Republicans met at the Fifth Avenue hotel in this city last week and started a presidential boom for Julius C. Fairbank, of Chicago as the one man in the party who can carry Indiana in 1888 and who will make a fair fight of the party can unite.

WINDING UP THE ASSOCIATION.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 23.—The delegates to the special meeting of the American association were in session at the Grand hotel nearly all day Monday, and the question of what club will take the place made vacant by the dissolution of the club, is yet an open one, but there is a general belief that the Detroit Levee club will fill the vacancy. Detroit is dissatisfied with the guarantee rule in the League and will fight it if it is not rescinded. Kansas City offers \$5,000 for the Pittsburgh franchise with a single player, and to pay the balance from St. Louis to Kansas City and back every club that goes to Kansas City to play. The matter was not settled Monday.

A MAN WHO MADE A CONTEST.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 20.—Mayor Ames, who was elected by McGill, Republican, in the race for the Minnesota governorship by 2,000 votes, announces a contest, and will begin legal operations at once. He claims to have discovered irregularities in St. Louis, Wisconsin and other counties sufficient to warrant a contest. There is also a rumor that Ames will be brought by the W. W. L. and right bower, and others, to the point of this campaign.

WRECK ON THE RAIL.

Three Men Killed by a Collision Near Savoy, Ills.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Nov. 23.—A dreadful railroad wreck occurred at 7 o'clock Monday night at Savoy, four miles south of this town. The way freight, bound north, was standing on the main track while some freight was being unloaded, and a stock train running in the same direction dashed into the caboose of the former.

Engineer James Near, of the stock train, jumped from the engine with the fireman, but was crushed in the wreck.

Albert Dunlap, a merchant of this town, who had just entered the caboose, was so terribly injured that he only lived long enough to murmur in a dazed way: "Is this a dream?"

John Todd, a blacksmith, of Champaign, and John McDonald, a stock dealer, of Urbana, who were in the caboose, were also injured so badly that they died in a few minutes.

Brakeman Sanderson and two other train men on the stock train were seriously injured.

The night was exceedingly dark and foggy, and it is supposed that the rear lights on the freight were invisible. As soon as the news of the wreck reached Champaign physicians boarded a locomotive and went at once to the scene. A report from Savoy says that the bodies of Near, McDonald and Todd were horribly mangled, the head of one man being found several feet from the body. Seven carloads of cattle are piled up in a heap on the track, and many of the animals were killed.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS DEAD.

Attacked by a Slight Fever Which His System Could Not Combat.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 22.—The Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Sr., died at 8:30 a. m. Sunday at his residence in this city. Mr. Adams' mental and physical powers had been declining for nearly a decade. Until the very last, however, he was a quiet, dignified gentleman, who simply took no interest in what was going on about him. His intellectual collapse was so complete that for fully two years he had been unable to identify any of his family except, perhaps, his wife. Nothing roused him except an occasional burst of merriment in his presence, when he would join sympathetically in the general laughter. There were no offensive features of his infirmity whatever, the outward effect being simply complete reticence. No apprehension of his immediate death was felt until Saturday afternoon. On Saturday Mr. Adams showed slight symptoms of fever and a physician who was called at once said his wasted strength would not be able to resist the attack, mild as it was. Mr. Adams lingered until Sunday morning, when his life left him as quietly as a breath of air extinguishes a candle flame.

Some More of the Same.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 23.—Attorney General Garland has received a letter from Col. William A. Stone, of Pittsburg, who was suspended from his office of United States district attorney for activity in the recent campaign in Pennsylvania. His letter is modeled after that of Col. Benton, which secured his reinstatement. It explains that he spoke only in towns convenient to Pittsburg, to which he could go in the evening, returning the next morning without loss to the public service.

The Sunday Law in Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 22.—Six saloonkeepers were arrested Sunday for violating the Sunday law, and seven others were proceeded against Monday morning by the police superintendent. The police have named in the names of 125 men sent to enter saloons and these will be subpoenaed to appear before the grand jury. It is supposed that a number of indictments will be the result. Superintendent Travis has entered upon the work in earnest.

Wisconsin's Official Vote.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 22.—The official vote by counties (except Lincoln, estimated) gives Rusk, Rep., a majority over Woodward, Dem., of 18,739. The vote in the state on governor stands: Rusk, Rep., 132,292; Woodward, Dem., 118,500; Olin, Pro., 16,755; Cechner, Labor, 8,145.

The B. & O. to Absorb Erlanger.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 23.—A gentleman who is on terms of intimacy with President Garrett, states that the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company is about to absorb the Erlanger system of railways, negotiations to that end having nearly reached conclusion.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—On the board of trade today the quotations were as follows: Wheat—No. 2, November, opened 75½ nominal, closed 75½ nominal; December, opened 75½, closed 75½; January, opened 75½, closed 75½. Corn—No. 2, November, opened 45½ nominal, closed 45½ nominal; December, opened 45½, closed 45½; January, opened 45½, closed 45½. Oats—No. 2, November, opened 26½ nominal, closed 26½ nominal; December, opened 26½, closed 26½; January, opened 26½, closed 26½. Pork—November, opened 59½ nominal, closed 59½ nominal; December, opened 59½, closed 59½; January, opened 59½, closed 59½. Lard—November, opened 29½, closed 29½; December, opened 29½, closed 29½; January, opened 29½, closed 29½.

Live Stock.—The Union stock yards report the following range of prices: Hogs—Market opened active, prices a shade lower, especially on common. Fat hogs, 23.00 to 23.50; rough packing, 18.00 to 18.50; heavy packing and shipping lots, 17.00 to 17.50. Cattle—Slow and steady; beefs, 13.00 to 14.00; cows, 12.00 to 13.00; stockers, 12.00 to 13.00. Sheep—Slow; common, 12.00 to 13.00; good, firm, 13.00 to 14.00.

Produce.—Butter—Creamery, 25.00 to 26.00 per lb. good dairy, 18.00 to 19.00; packing, 12.00 to 13.00. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12.00 to 13.00 per doz. house, 12.00 to 13.00. Poultry—Chickens, 5.00 to 6.00; ducks, 7.00 to 8.00; turkeys, 7.00 to 8.00; geese, 4.00 to 5.00 per doz. Potatoes—7.00 to 8.00; beans, 4.00 to 5.00; on track, Early Rose, 3.50 to 4.00; Beauty of Hebron, 3.00 to 3.50; Apples—Fair to good shipping, 1.50 to 2.00 per bu.

New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—Wheat—No. 1 red, 88½; No. 2 red, 87½; No. 2 red winter, 86½; No. 2 mixed cash, 46c. Corn—No. 1 white, 37½; No. 2 do, 36½. Rye—Dull and nominal. Barley—Quiet and unchanged. Pork—Dull; new mess, \$10.50; old, \$10.00. Lard—Dull; December, \$9.25; January, \$9.00.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 22.—Wheat—Eastern No. 2 red cash, 75½; December, 77c; January, 78c; May, 80c. Corn—Firm; No. 2 mixed cash, 34½; December, 35c; January, 36c; May, 38c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 mixed cash, 24½; December, 25c; January, 26c; May, 28c. Potatoes—7.00 to 8.00; beans, 4.00 to 5.00; on track, Early Rose, 3.50 to 4.00; Beauty of Hebron, 3.00 to 3.50; Apples—Fair to good shipping, 1.50 to 2.00 per bu.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Nov. 22.—Wheat—Quiet but firm; cash, 77½; December, 78c; January, 79c; May, 80c. Corn—Lower but active; cash, 37c; May, 42c. Oats—Neglected. Cloverseed—Active; cash, 1.07½; January, 1.06; February, 1.07.

Detroit.

DETROIT, Nov. 22.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 77½; No. 2 red, 76½; cash Michigan red, 78c; No. 2 red, 77½; bid cash and November, 77½; bid December, 77½; January, 78c; May, 80c. Corn—37½; Oats—37½; No. 2 white, 31½.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Interesting Gossip and Notes of the Past Week Boiled Down.

At Muncie, Ind., Tuesday morning, Mrs. Lizzie Bartsford playfully dared George Kennedy, aged 17, who was "fooling" with a revolver, to shoot her. The youth aimed and fired at the woman, the bullet entering her temple, killing her instantly.

Three Baltimore firemen received fatal injuries while at work on a blaze in the drug warehouse of Burroughs & Bros., on Camden street. The building was damaged to the amount of \$20,000.

The Vermont legislature has passed a bill to compel hotels or restaurants using oleomargarine to announce the fact to guests by large signs.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt has just received from abroad thirty fowls of rare breed which cost him \$1,000.

William Ashbrook and his wife Mary celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary at Trenton, Mo., last Saturday.

Matthew Arnold has resigned the office of inspector of schools for the Westminster district of London. He served thirty-five years.

A Berlin dispatch says it will probably be necessary to issue a loan of 72,000,000 marks to balance the next imperial budget of Germany.

The flour production at Minneapolis last week was 161,000 barrels, against 163,000 barrels the preceding week. The receipts of wheat were the largest on record—1,910,154 bushels.

There was organized at Pittsburg Wednesday a national encampment of the Union Veteran Legion, George B. Chalmers, of Pittsburg, being chosen national commander.

At Jersey City, Wednesday, Mrs. Bridget Moran attempted to kill her four children and then cut her own throat. Want and the continued absence of her husband dethroned her reason.

Clarence H. Wells, the brakeman accused of causing the Rio horror, was bound over for trial at Portage, Wis., early Wednesday morning. No bail being furnished, he was imprisoned.

Schultz's tannery buildings at Lima, Ohio, with a large amount of leather and bark, were burned early Wednesday morning. The loss is figured at \$45,000, and the insurance aggregates \$15,000.

A vein of coal seven feet thick, of fine quality, was Thursday struck at Mount Vernon, Ill., at a depth of 852 feet. The storm in Connecticut Thursday destroyed a number of large tobacco sheds which contained this year's crop, and the losses will be heavy. Many buildings were unroofed at Hartford, and chimneys, trees and fences were blown down, creating a loss of several thousand dollars.

A snow-powder ran down three section men Thursday, near Panama, Iowa. James Farrow and his son was killed, and Joseph Davis fatally wounded.

The Masonic Relief association, in session at St. Louis, elected officers Thursday, Martin Collins, of St. Louis, being chosen president. The next meeting will be held at Toronto, Ont.

The directors of the Illinois Central road have voted to issue 10,000 shares of new stock at 131, giving the stockholders the right until Jan. 31.

For the eighteenth time in seventeen years the planing mill of J. K. Russell & Co., Fullerton street, Chicago, was Thursday gutted by flames, the loss being \$70,000. The cause was the overturning of a lamp in a curtain factory on the upper floor.

On a farm near Moweaqua, Ill., a laborer was fatally injured by two young bears brought from the Rocky Mountains for pets.

The mayor of New Orleans, in consequence of the exhaustion of funds, will recommend the suspension of all city officers during December.

Charles Jones, a Pittsburg policeman, while on duty at a ball in an intoxicated condition, shot his wife dead for attempting to persuade him to go home.

The iron ore recently discovered near Denver, Ind., has been proved to be both rich and abundant, the tract covering twelve square miles of territory. Less than two feet of soil covers the deposit.

Bishop Whipple has resigned as a member of the commission to negotiate with certain Indian tribes in the northwest for the sale to the government of portions of their reservations. Jared J. Daniels of Minnesota is his successor.

Mr. Gladstone has a rent-roll and land income of \$70,000 a year, and is reported to hold several million dollars' worth of railroad shares.

The St. Louis Wire Mills company, a new venture, will begin the manufacture of wire and round steel nails Dec. 1, giving employment to 1,000 men.

Mr. Lounsbury will be the fifteenth governor of Connecticut elected by the general assembly instead of by the people.

Two Pullman sleepers attached to the Grand Trunk Western express, were burned near Kingston, Ont., Friday, the passengers escaping in their nightclothes. The loss will reach \$40,000.

Capt. J. S. Taylor, a member of Gen. Grant's old regiment, died Friday morning at Centralia, Ill.

At Hillsboro, Ills., Friday, Mrs. Stevenson was acquitted of the murder of Strahl.

Lumber manufacturing has virtually closed for the season in northwestern Wisconsin, the D. Shaw, Eau Claire, and Meridian companies' mills having shut down Friday. The discharged employees are going to the plow to seek employment.

The czar has decided against compelling a reduction of the sugar production in order to improve trade.

Progressive jack-straw parties are taking the place of progressive euchre parties in fashionable Louisville society.

The man who dug the graves for three husbands of Mrs. Foster, of Green Bay, became her fourth husband this summer.

Miss Jessie Losart, of Clinton, Ills., was fatally burned Saturday night by the explosion of a lamp firing her clothing.

The Medical hall of the University of Virginia, at Midland Junction, Va., was burned Saturday, with a large part of the contents. It was partially insured.

A maker of badges in New York is accumulating a large stock of badges with "James G. Blaine, 1888," inscribed on them, and already finds a demand for them.

Comar, Farris & Dial, general merchants at R. K. Jacksonville, Wels, Troupe, and Alto, Tex., have been attacked by creditors. Liabilities, \$125,000; assets, \$50,000.

The New York banks increased their reserve last week by \$2,038,650, and now hold \$9,930,000 in excess of legal requirements. The clearings of the Chicago banks were \$57,277,324.

The Berlin police have seized 8,000 socialist pamphlets. They found that 7,000 had already been distributed. Five men who were employed to distribute the pamphlets were expelled from the city.

A body of police at Havana surprised the notorious outlaw Jimenez and two other bandits, who were in that city. Jimenez wounded five of the police before he was killed. His companions were both killed while trying to escape.

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CESAR'S VIRGINIA TURKEY

Cesar Alexander Shakeswell, a colored citizen of Bridgeville, owned no turkey, and his richer white neighbors had put theirs in special security as Thanksgiving Day drew near. Mrs. Shakeswell kept nagging Cesar about a turkey until he determined to have one before another sun set, at any cost. He sat down before the fire in the twilight to study out some plan of action on the important question.

It came to him quite readily, it appears, for all at once he found himself carrying it out. He had noticed a loose board on Col. Fairgrove's back fence the day before. The Fairgroves were easy-going people, not much given to hammer and nails, and they would be sure to have a turkey in a coop in the backyard getting ready for the annual feast. Sure enough, the board fell off at the bidding of his brawny arm, and there in a pen in the corner was the bird of his hopes. The state of his coop dropped before the same potent force, as though they had been mere ravelings. It was no trouble at all to tie his legs, cover his body with an old bag and slip quietly away with him. Once at home Cesar Alexander put him in a barrel and laid heavy sticks of wood on the open top.

Then he called to his wife to come and see him and to quit "jorin'" him about their Thanksgiving dinner.

She appeared, looked at the bird with eyes like saucers, and then grew very grave. "Whar did ye git him?" she asked, with something like awe in her voice.

"Worked for 'im, o' course," said her gentle spouse, with a sneer. "Knowned all the time dat I was to git 'im; but you had to hev yer fill o' jorin' and complainin' at me for a wuthless nigger. Knowned it was no use to tell ye. Ye wouldn't b'lieve me till he come."

Mrs. Shakeswell looked at her husband, a fresh well of admiration springing up in her heart. He was a superior creature, to be sure; she would never doubt it again.



HE HELD IT UP WITH PRIDE AND JOY.

Before going to bed Cesar Alexander went into his small yard, lifted a stick or two of wood from the turkey's barrel and took a long and fond look at his prize. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned with quaking knees, expecting to face the village constable; but dark as it was he could see that the hand belonged to a gentleman of his own color, though one with whom he was entirely unacquainted—"a kind of old-fashioned lookin' nigger," he said when telling the story afterward. Reassured to find that it wasn't the law he had to confront, he put considerable bravado into his voice as he said: "Who are ye, anyhow; and what d'ye want in a nigger's yard at night? It's forenset the law to creep around 'n honest folks' houses on the sly that way."

"Cesar! Cesar!" said the other, without appearing in the least intimidated; "I am one of yer ancestors, from 'way back, and I can't come to yer in day-time because I've been dead a long time."

Here Cesar's teeth chattered and his legs gave way under him. "Brace up!" said the ancestor, slapping him on the shoulder. "Brace up! I'm here for yer good, not for yer harm. I want ye to kerry that turkey back. Ye've done somethin' to disgrace the name of Shakeswell, and I won't stand it. The constable will be down on ye to-morrow mornin' 'fore 8 o'clock if ye don't, an' there'll be a neighborhood scandal about this bird that'll make the whole race o' Shakeswells shake in the graves. Cesar! for the sake of yer proud and honorable ancestors take that bird back, and to-morrow take yer gun and go to the woods and git one o' the turkeys uv yer fathers—an' it's a bird that no nigger ought to turn up his nose at, either."

Here the "ancestor" smiled delightedly at something invisible, something in his memory apparently, and then went on: "It's a bird dat no man owns; it's de true Virginia turkey. 'Tisn't a feathered bird; 'tisn't a fowl of all. It wears fur, an' has fifty teeth, a bristly tongue, a long prehensile tail—ye see, Cesar, yer ancestor had larnin'—and plantigrade feet, Cesar, it has plantigrade feet."

"Ugh!" said Cesar, too dazed to utter an intelligible word. The "ancestor" continued: "Its feet has as many toes on each foot as a man, and long, sharp claws on every toe kept its inside one. It uses dat as a thumb. It is a marsupial turkey, Cesar." Here the ancestor smiled at the towering proportions of his own learning, but presently talked on.

"Alive it has an odor ye can't mistake, an' roasted he smells better nor a flower garden. He's a bird worth givin' thanks over. Now, take dat old droopin', white folks' turkey back to his yowen, and go out ter-morn and git de 'possum, de 'riginal turkey o' old Virginia, de turkey of yer fathers'—and, lo! the ancestor vanished.

Perspiring at every pore Cesar Alexander shouldered the turkey and started toward Col. Fairgrove's. Just as he was about to enter the yard, through the break in the fence previously made by himself, he felt another hand laid on his shoulder with considerable emphasis. Fearing that another and still more terrible ancestor was about to have speech with him, he sank to the earth, without daring to look around. Then the hand grabbed him more firmly and gave him a vigorous shake. He looked up appealingly and confronted the constable. With a groan he fainted dead away.

"What ye groavin' and carryin' on like an animal fur?" was the next thing he heard. The question was propounded in his wife's most ungente voice.

He opened his eyes slowly and in abject fear, and found himself sitting by his own fire-side, the children in bed and Mrs. Shakeswell standing by him with her hand on his shoulder. He never was so happy in his life. Col. Fairgrove's turkey was safe where it belonged; he had never stolen it, and he hadn't met any dead and gone ancestor at all, only in dreams. Furthermore, he inwardly resolved that he never would, if ancestors' visits only followed thefts.

The next day when he set off with his gun he told Mrs. Shakeswell that he would bring home a 'Virginia' turkey. And he did. He held it up with pride and joy on his return, and was rewarded by a smile from that exacting lady. The 'possum was eaten with gravity and grace, and Mr. Shakeswell's standing in the community remained unimpaired. As he bent over his own dog, regretting that his giving board had more than usual cause for gratitude. "Virginia turkeys was good enough for my fathers, and good 'nough for me," he often says; but though he sometimes tells of the encounter with his ancestor, he never alludes to the cause of that worthy individual's visit to him.

MAX ELTON.

PUTNAM CIRCUIT COURT.

Cases Disposed of Since Our Report of Last Week.

John W. Fassier, et al., vs. James H. Van Allen, et al.—To cancel mortgage and quiet title. Judgment and decree, on publication and default, quieting title of plaintiff in real estate, and for satisfaction of mortgage.

David Ader vs. Noah R. Evans and wife—Foreclosure. Judgment and decree for foreclosure, for the sum of \$2,020.25 and costs.

State vs. John Browning—Assault and battery with intent to kill. Intent nollied, and fine of \$5 and costs for assault and battery, on plea of guilty thereto.

Indianapolis Manufacturers and Carpenters' Union vs. Thomas J. Williams, John Bee and Noah H. Bartlett—On note. Judgment by default against debts for \$71.21.

James H. McAninch vs. John Holtenbeck, et al.—To quiet title. Judgment and decree, quieting plf's title and estopping debts, etc., and deed to plff reported and approved, all at his costs.

The case of the State vs. John C. Akers for burglary and larceny was continued on application of the State, the bail being reduced to \$500. Akers gave the proper bail, Dr. Dyer, of Cloverdale, going on his bond, and has returned to Cloverdale, his former home.

BORN.

SNYDER—To George Snyder and wife, on the 21st inst., twin boys.

South Greencastle.

The works are booming on to completion.

H. A. Mills and Jennings Pierson have been sick a few days.

The festival at Foxridge church last Wednesday and Thursday nights was a success considering the bad nights.

Cole Bros. treated over 40 men to a square meal and oysters last Thursday night at the festival.

Preaching next Sunday morning at 10:30 at South Greencastle church; subject, "Sanctification."

Sam Simmons, the wonderful 'coon hunter, known very well in this township, caught fourteen 'coons recently. It wasn't a very good night for 'coons either.

Mr. T. B. Jackson, well-known in this town and vicinity, and who has been in the employ of Steele & Whyte, dealers in marble and granite tombstones, for over five years, severed his connection with that firm 1st Friday and has entered into partnership with his brother, J. A. Jackson, of Greencastle, Ind. The firm will be known as Jackson Bros., dealers and manufacturers of all kinds of monuments. Mr. Jackson has the reputation of being a first-class workman and a sober and industrious gentleman. The Republican joins with a large circle of friends wishing him success.—Danville Republican.

While Sunset Cox was a member of the House he, on two or three occasions, attempted his attacks upon Mr. Horr, but was so badly beaten at his own game—wit—that ever afterwards he was in fear of the man from Michigan. Mr. Horr, the wittiest and most eloquent man of the House, will deliver his great lecture on "The Labor Problem," which has attracted such attention for the past two years. Though a serious subject and full of thought and information it is replete with wit from beginning to end. Remember the date Dec. 1. The second lecture in DePauw Lecture Course. Tickets at Langdon's.

GROVELAND.

Died—November 16th, of old age—Wm. Eggers, one of our early settlers. He lived a number of years near the Center school house. He was well known in our township, and was a member of the regular Baptist church. He died at the residence of his son, D. B. Eggers. He was buried at Clear Creek by the side of his first wife. The second and last wife is buried at Palestine. Mr. Eggers was ninety years, eleven months and seventeen days old. The funeral was attended by a large number of friends and relatives.

The little ones had a kissing bee at Milt Roger's last Saturday night.

Some of our boys made a small donation to the public well in Bain bridge last week.

'Tis said Dad is making a nice thing selling "runnets for cheese."

Miss Bettie Michael and Miss Jennie Summers were at Indianapolis sight seeing the first of the week. Wanted to know—What two prominent Prohibitionists of Hendricks county H. H. Underwood saw coming out of a saloon at Indianapolis one day last week? Henry do tell.

Birthday dinner at Mrs. Noah Naylor's, it being the birthday of Mrs. Naylor and Miss Jones.

D. T. Summers is the boss hucks-ter.

The G. A. R. Post of Bainbridge will give a camp fire and festival the evening of Dec. 15. All are respectfully invited. Admission free.

Miss Emma Cassity goes to Hendricks county soon, and will make that her home.

Died.—Nov. 22, Daisy, daughter of H. W. and Alice Graham, and on the 23, Lowell, son of the same, both of diphtheria.

Across the Continent.

Leave behind you the snow and ice and seek pleasure and comfort for the winter in the sunny orange groves and gardens of California. The Great Iron Mountain Route will run an excursion train of Royal Pullman Palace cars to Los Angeles, San Francisco and other California points, leaving St. Louis at 9:10 a. m. Dec. 8.

The route lies directly south avoiding the mountain snow blockades so frequent at this season on the northern routes to California. Tickets for this excursion are good six months, permit stop over and allow privilege of returning different route, if desired without extra cost.

Remarkably low rate. For full information apply to your ticket agent, or to COKE ALEXANDER, District pass'r agt., Mo. Pac. Ry. Indianapolis, 3t-51.

Strayed or Stolen.

On night of 18th inst. two family horses from the premises of J. W. Cele and J. C. Ridpath. One a dark bay about 15 hands high, short and compactly built; a little white on one hind foot and in forehead. The other light sorrel, small and round bodied, about 15 hands high, pony built, about 11 years old, mane on left side. Liberal reward given for return or information.

JAS. W. COLE.
JOHN C. RIDPATH.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

JOHN F. STRATTON,
49 Maiden Lane, New York.

Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of—
—MUSICAL MERCHANDISE—
Musical Boxes, Band Instruments, Stratton's Celebrated Russian Cut Violin strings.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed by the Circuit Court of Putnam County, State of Indiana, executor of the last will and testament of Joshua W. Baird, late of Putnam County, Indiana, deceased. Said estate is supposed to be solvent. Dated this 16 day of November, 1886.
51st GEORGE S. DURHAM, Executor.

DR. A. T. KEIGHTLEY'S DENTAL OFFICE

Rothway Block, over Postoffice, GREENCASTLE, IND.
Artificial Teeth, best the world affords, by my own patent and process, cannot be elsewhere procured in this country. Fillings neatly and cheaply inserted. I tender thanks for liberal patronage, for more than thirty years past.

BUCKLIN'S ARNICA SALVE.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Sk Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cts per box. For sale by ALLEN.

Good sugar-free stove wood for sale at G. M. Black's, liveryman, near Northeast corner square. 4t-50

FOR SALE—A scholarship certificate in the Louisville Shorthand & Type Writing Institute, of Louisville, Kentucky, entitling the holder to instruction by MAIL of the complete theoretical and practical course of Shorthand. Apply at this office. 50tf

G. M. Black, liveryman, wants to sell or trade a good second-hand carriage, and also one side-bar buggy. Near Northeast corner square. 4t50